









I'M GLAD HOME-RUN BAKER IS BACK IN BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL AGAIN. I SEE HE'S HAMMERING THE COVER OFF THE PILL IN THE YANKS' TRAINING CAMP. HE'S SOME BIRD



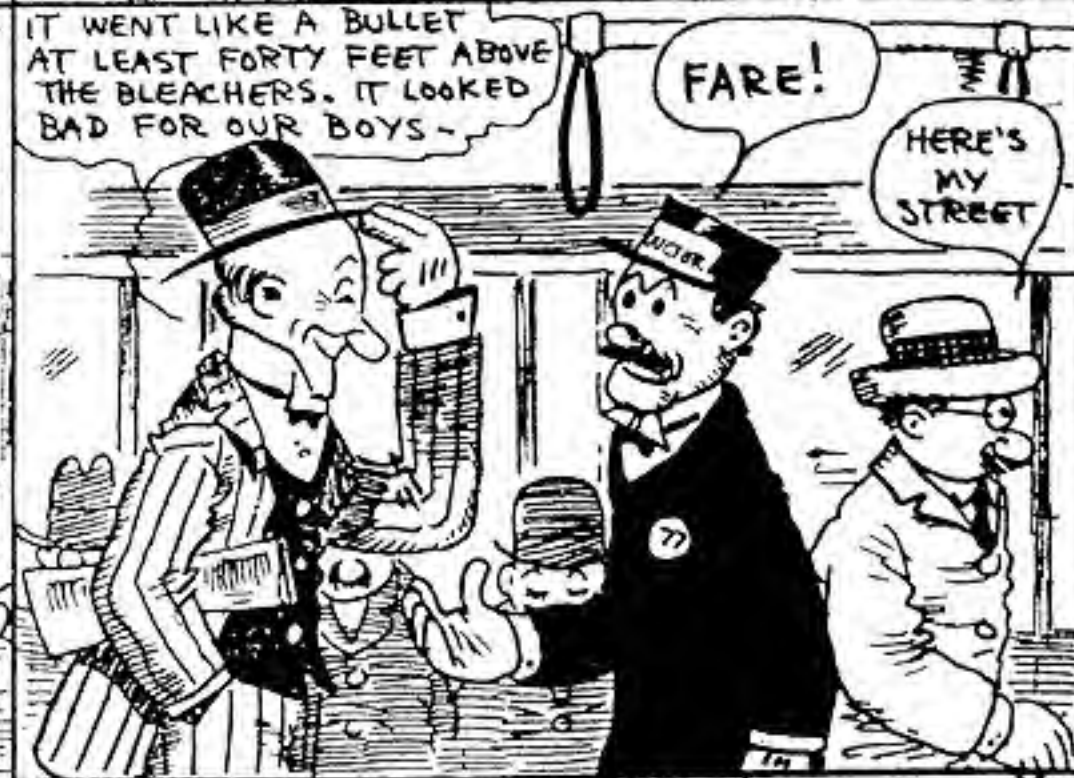
PARDON ME, STRANGER, BUT DID YOU SEE "HOME RUN" BAKER MAKE THAT LONG DRIVE OVER THE BLEACHERS ON AUG. 12, 1914?

NO, I CAN'T SAY THAT I DID!



YOU KNOW HE BATS LEFT HANDED. WELL, THIS DAY THE BASES WERE LOADED, AND WITH HIS CAP PULLED DOWN LIKE THIS HE STRODE TO THE PLATTER.

HE MET THE FIRST BALL PITCHED ON THE NOSE —



IT WENT LIKE A BULLET AT LEAST FORTY FEET ABOVE THE BLEACHERS. IT LOOKED BAD FOR OUR BOYS —

FARE!

HERE'S MY STREET



FAIR? NOPE! NOT BY THREE FEET. PRETTY CLOSE THOUGH, EH?

COME, COME! I SAID FARE!



I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAID. THE UMPIRE CALLED IT A FOUL!

A NUT!!

Stripper's Guide Score

—ED MACK—